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WHOLE NO. 164.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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Lines To

BY MAGICK.

Within my heart a tender dove is for  
Its winged mission waiting. Its plumage  
Is so delicate that northern winds may  
Flutter it while flying through the sufficing  
Air of chill formality's uncivilized  
Fields. Its name is Love, and its song  
And never do hath more tender eyes  
Love will soon be tapping at the window  
Of thy heart. It knows the quiet nook  
Within thy dear little home, and sees  
Its kindred caged and fed by right hand.  
It's not there, but not with flight;  
To recognize was its sportive mood.

But now  
It goes to thee, and when its tiny beak  
Shall kiss the window-pane, wilt take  
It in—unfold the little robe, by chain  
Of brilliant circles, and answer it?  
Say, wilt thou stroke its plumage soft,  
And rest its weary wings aside from all  
Its mates, and listen to its dove-note, while  
It feeds on sympathy thought from thy  
Redundant and cultivated garden  
Of poetic plants, where modest daisy  
Hymns its solo on the dewy air,  
And lilies ring their tinkling chimes, calling  
All the members of thy garden household  
To devotion worshipful, that they may  
Homage pay? wilt let this love-bird listen  
To thy floral oracles?

Their service opened  
By united prayer of fragrance, while their  
Sexton rephers on his post, the door,  
Their over-burdened hearts shall not faint till thy  
Blessing has been given.

And now their anthem  
Is begun. The lovely violet, soprano  
Of the choir, measured solo sings, whilst the  
Lily of the valley bleeds her song.  
Voice with violet, and thus complete the duo;  
When raising soft his potent fingers sweet,  
Scented honey-suckle over the key-hole  
Of his flute duty, which now a trio forms;  
Now trumpet joy mingles his sonorous  
Hass, a quartette mingles their strains,  
And Gushing melody an angel might forget  
His winged way, and poised above this  
Orchestra, enraptured list.

Wilt let this carrier bird  
Bring back to me the oases of this choir  
As they go searching through the hills and vales  
For flowers dewy tears, as wine for thee,  
And returning freighted from the vintage,  
Happy that they bring thee cheer for thy good,  
Noble woman heart—their sweet echoes still  
Re-echoed on the waves of air as they  
Upwards surge to heaven and wash the shore  
Of dark eternity?

This bird, so swift on wing,  
Would bring thee the strains of the sun, music  
From the stars, and nature's gossip from the  
Hills and snowy mountain tops, where winter  
Reigns eternal; from vales and fields  
With verdant verdure clad, from laughing brook  
And mighty flowing river.

The first  
To bring thee light from every morn'g day,  
To plough the air of tropic climes and  
Yea, every leaf of dawn was pendant-flung  
With fragrance of the choicest flowers; else bring  
The opiate from Italy's dreamy  
Air, or music of the mandolin, and  
Softly touched by cavalier in Moorish  
Halls, that make Alhambra's history so  
Redolent of the beauties of antiquity—  
When phantom footstep comes and goes their  
Centennial rounds, and silken lutes their  
Music feed with rosiest fingers  
Of some spectre Spanish maid.

Now, go, sweet dove,  
And see if there is room for thee in this  
Cathedral of the heart, where myriad  
Thoughts their absolute have for being born  
To light the weary hours of many hearts  
Philadelphia, March, 1858.

COCK FIGHT.—DETROIT vs. CLEVELAND.—A grand  
match between the cities of Detroit and Cleveland,  
in which a team of eleven cocks on a side was  
fought, took place in the cock pit of the National  
Theatre, Cleveland, on the first of April. The  
match commenced at eight o'clock in the morning,  
and lasted nearly the whole day. Detroit winning  
six out of the first eight, thus deciding the match,  
which was for the best six out of eleven. The  
remaining three matches were then fought at 11 a.  
side, Cleveland winning two out of three. The  
game attracted a large crowd of the sporting  
fraternity. One hundred dollars was lost in one bet  
on the Cleveland birds.

PLACERVILLE.—The Coloma Greys gave their  
first ball, at Coloma, last night. The Grand Fourth  
of July Ball, to be given by Confidence Engine  
Company No. 1, is to come off at the Theatre on  
Monday, July 5. The Mountain Democrat says:  
"Every exertion is being made to render this ball  
a splendid affair—worthy of the Empire county,  
creditable to the city of Placerville, and satisfactory  
to the Confidence boys and to the Fire Department."

HONORED.—Without soliciting, "Brusher," the  
well known dog of Confidence Engine Company  
No. 1, was the recipient of eleven votes on Saturday,  
for the position of Assistant Engineer of the  
Sacramento Fire Department.

THE TURP.—A match has been made in New  
Orleans between the two Wagoner Colts, owned by  
Gen. Thos. J. Wells and D. F. Kenner, for \$10,000  
a side, for the 22nd. The race is to come off the  
Saturday before the spring meeting of 1858.

[From the New York Weekly]  
Saved by a Mirror.

BY TOBY QUINCE.

Not many years ago there lived in the town  
of L— an old man who, at the time I first  
became acquainted with him, was engaged in  
farming, though he had previously followed the  
occupation of a drover.

Seated before the blazing hearth one cold  
blustering winter's night, he related the following  
story to me, while his wife sat—busy with  
her knitting—by his side.

"Young man!" said he, "I have got a consid-  
erable property now, and am not obliged to work  
for a living, but I can remember the time when  
it was 'Hoot, hog, or die,' with me, as they say  
out in the great western hog country. You  
think, I suppose, that I made my money easy,  
because I have got plenty of it, and enough to  
spare once in a while in charity, as I did when  
Old Ben Goodwin died."

Here the old man paused, rubbed his hands,  
and took a drink from the cider-pitcher, which  
he kept well filled upon the table.

"I've got plenty of money," he resumed, "and  
if I gave a hundred dollars to Old Ben's widow,  
and another hundred to her two little children,  
to keep them starving and suffering from the  
cold, it's only following up the rule I've made to  
spend it the way which will yield me the most  
gratification, and I'll do that, even if my heirs  
don't like it, which, God bless them! I know  
they will, for there ain't an old farmer in the  
State that's got nobler, or more generous chil-  
dren and grand-children than I have. They  
take part of it from me; I'm proud of that! and  
what they don't take from me they take from my  
wife, and I'm prouder of that—for it shows that  
I picked a fool even when I was young, for I  
picked a woman that neither I nor my children  
ever were, or need be, ashamed to own."

"When I took her hand in mine at the altar,  
I said to myself, 'This hand will either lead me  
up to heaven or down to hell,' and took the  
marriage vows upon me with that feeling in my  
heart, and if I ever do get to the place where  
angels dwell, it will be her hand that leads me  
there; for, young man, let me tell you that, al-  
though a woman man, called the weaker vessel, she  
is most gifted with that kind of strength which  
enables one to keep in the straight and narrow  
road that runs direct to the Eternal City!"

"But I didn't get my money as easy as you  
might imagine. I can remember a good many  
hard times I have had—aye, and dangerous  
ones, too. I've been in peril more than once  
when I knew it, and haven't a bit of doubt that  
many a time I have escaped from dangers that  
I knew not of. This a queer world, and a  
great many things are daily going on around us  
of which we know nothing;—we are often in danger.  
I can relate an adventure I had once in  
which my life was probably saved by a looking-glass."

I told the old man I should be very happy to  
hear him free his mind upon the subject; and  
it would give me great pleasure to listen to the  
remembrances of by-gone days.

"Well, then," resumed my host, "it was just  
such a night as it is to-night on the 17th day of  
January, 18—, some thirty years ago. You re-  
member it, mother, the very day that John was  
born."

"It had been a very mild winter, and I had  
travelled a good deal in transacting business,  
making ready for extensive operations in the  
spring. I had a large amount of money with  
me on the night of which I speak, which I had  
just collected on a six months' note, of a man  
who bought much of me the preceding summer  
in the city of B—. At the time I received  
the money, I noticed a fellow standing near who  
eyed me very closely, as though he was studying  
my appearance with the intention of recognizing  
me, if by any chance we should meet again.—  
Thinking from his looks that it might be ad-  
visable for me to have the same advantage, I  
scrutinized his countenance and person hastily,  
but thoroughly, and he, perceiving himself so  
much an object of interest, turned upon his  
heel, and walked away. I had read him, though  
and knew him by heart. He was a slight build,  
dark complexioned man, with a loose, uneasy  
motion in his gait, which denoted imbecility and  
vacillation; but one look into his black eye,  
which had the cunning, intrigue and stealthiness  
of a Spaniard, mixed with a certain something  
which indicated determination, completely al-  
tered my estimation of his character, and set  
conjecture busy to work in the regions of fancy  
concerning him. But a long and somewhat in-  
timate acquaintance with human nature, soon  
settled my opinion with regard to him, as I made  
up my mind to keep my eyes open when in his  
vicinity, and depositing the money in my wallet,  
dismissed the subject from my mind, and pro-  
ceeded to my hotel."

"I little imagined that I was to pass so event-  
ful a night as I did, but as it is my invariable  
custom to look well to my means of defense  
when liable to an attack, I closely examined my  
pistols before retiring to rest, and placed them,  
with my knife, where I could lay my hand on  
them at a moment's warning; then I examined  
my apartment thoroughly. It was in the third  
story, facing the east, and furnished with a single  
bedstead—stand, toilet table, two chairs, and a  
carpet upon the floor. The foot of the bed was  
towards the windows, and the toilet table and a  
large mirror between them; the entrance to the  
room was from a passage to the east."

"Satisfied there was no one in the room, and  
no way for any one to get in, save through the  
doors or windows, I securely fastened them, laid  
my wallet under my pillow, and deposited my  
self between the clean white sheets."

"Being somewhat fatigued, I was soon in a  
sound slumber, dreaming—for sound sleepers do  
dream—of home, and wife and children."

"I do not know what awakened me, but  
thought it was a sound of something falling. I  
awoke suddenly, with all my senses as composed  
as they are now—for when away from home,  
the least noise arouses me, and a man don't  
sleep any sounder with money under his pillow,  
I can tell you, especially when he's amongst  
folks he knows nothing about."

"As I opened my eyes, I was startled to find  
my room as light as day, but immediately recol-  
lected the fact of its facing the east, and looking  
forth I saw the large full moon beaming in all  
its splendor in the starless sky."

"Casting a glance around, I saw that one of  
my pistols was in a reversed position from what  
I had left it, and on probing it with the ramrod,  
discovered that the charge had been drawn, and  
the cap was also removed from the nipple. This  
startled me not a little. The other one had not  
been touched; but to have one's weapons tam-  
pered with in this way, I thought argued some-  
thing but good to their possessor, and with the  
loaded pistol in one hand and knife in the other,  
I searched the room for my nocturnal visitor, at  
the same time cursing my imprudence in thus  
leaving my weapons exposed."

"But not a thing could I find which was not  
as I had left it. I tried the door. It was locked,  
and the key in the lock."

"Ah! thought I, the rascals have turned the  
key with pliers from the outside."

"I drew the key back to examine it, and saw  
through the key-hole a light, but in an instant it  
was gone."

"Some fellow lodger retiring for the night, I  
thought; and as my key did not look suspicious,  
I did not wish to expose my fears to any thirsty  
sucker, make myself ridiculous, and lay myself  
liable to drinks all round the next morning."

"So I said nothing, trying to assure myself  
that my pistols were, after all, just as I had left  
them, but could not satisfy my mind with any  
such conjectures, and determined to sleep light-  
ly the remainder of the night. I now recol-  
lected the fellow who saw me take the money, and  
concluded at once that if I made any muss that  
night, he would be the fellow I should make it  
with, especially as I had seen him since, in the  
bar-room below."

"I placed a lead pencil in the door to make a  
sure thing of it, took my pistols into bed after  
loading the one which caused me so much anx-  
iety, and laid down again, though with no inten-  
tion of sleeping."

"I listened patiently for a long time, and hear-  
ing nothing, was just on the point of dropping  
into a state of forgetfulness, when a low ticking,  
heard very indistinctly, called back my wander-  
ing thoughts."

"I opened my eyes, and the first thing they  
took in was the looking-glass at the foot of the  
bed."

"The sight I saw reflected there, strung my  
nerves at once to the severest tension, and so  
vividly did it imprint itself upon my memory  
that I believe the sea of time will never be able  
to wash it."

"I could not see the door—my back was turned  
towards it—only by looking in the glass, and  
then I saw reflected in the full light of the moon,  
not only the door, but a man entering it."

"My powers of thought were quickened ten-  
fold. I did not jump, nor start, nor move a  
muscle, that I am aware of, though my first im-  
pulse was to leap out of bed immediately and  
blow the fellow out. He was the rogue I ex-  
pected, the one who saw me when I took the money."

"I done better though by laying still, for close  
behind him followed another, and after him still  
another. They made the least noise with which  
I ever heard human beings move. The ticking  
I had heard was the foremost one's watch, and  
it was the only audible sound in the room."

"They paused a moment, and one of them  
spoke:

"'Close the door, Bill?'"

"This looked suspicious, but the suspicion did  
not vanish when the leader said very low, but as  
distinctly as a line cut in steel:

"'Dead men tell no tales, but if his money is  
convenient we'll let him go tell his loss. Bill! just  
riffle them pockets!'"

my breath stopped, and folks think I died a nat-  
ural death."

"Well! the brute Bill, having amicably ar-  
ranged the time and manner of my final exit,  
moved with the same noiseless tread which had  
characterized all their motions, round to the side  
of the bed towards which I faced, and the others  
followed him as still as ever."

"There I lay, motionless, but with my hands  
grasping my ready pistols beneath the clothes,  
while I watched every movement through my  
half-closed eyes."

"They meant that their action should be sim-  
ultaneous, so that I could not utter a cry, or  
give a kick before I was both gagged and bound.  
Therefore, they arranged themselves in a row,  
with as much precision as a company of soldiers  
on parade, each ready to perform his allotted  
task. They were all prepared, and I could see  
the leader just ready to give the word."

Quicker than lightning I sprang directly back  
from off the bed, and stood with a pistol in each  
hand, ready to blaze away, if one of them stirred.  
"Stand still!" I hissed between my set teeth.  
"Did you think to catch an old drover so easy?  
Make the least movement, and I will shoot you  
like dogs!"

"Two of the villains, Bill and Dan, seemed  
perfectly thunder-struck, and instantly to drop  
all idea of having a fight, but I could see that  
the other meant to punch me."

"His countenance wore the expression of a  
tiger cheated of his prey. He cast one sullen  
glance, and scarcely seeming to strain a muscle,  
leaped the bed directly for the spot where I was  
standing."

"I uttered a scream, and instinctively drew  
back as he did so, and at the same time one of  
my pistols exploded, and he dropped upon the  
floor mortally wounded."

"Seeing my ungaurded manner at the instant,  
both the other fellows, each drawing a knife,  
sprang for the door at once, well knowing that  
in a short time the room would be full of the  
persons who might even now be heard along the  
halls and passages, and thinking justly, the  
present was their only chance of escape."

"Again I dodged back and fired, bringing Dan  
down with a shot in his right shoulder, which  
made him drop his knife, and left me with only  
Bill to contend with. He pushed hard for me  
as soon as he struck the floor. Throwing my  
pistol in his face, I stood back, seizing a chair,  
and whirling it round my head. As he came  
up I gave him a clip which broke two of the  
fingers of his left hand, and straightened him  
out on the floor, for he got hit in the head, too."

"Gracious! youngster! wasn't there a pretty  
sight when the folks came running in as soon as  
they heard the noise? I'll bet there was!—  
There was Dan, flat on the floor, his shirt and  
coat wet through with blood; there was the  
leader of them tossing and tumbling in the ag-  
onies of death; and there I was, pounding Bill  
with the chair, till his head was raw and bloody."

"When the landlord came in, he asked me  
how the thing came about, and I told him. He  
sent for a surgeon right away, but it wasn't of  
any use only for Dan and Bill; for he said as  
soon as he saw the other, that he might not  
live more than three quarters of an hour, al-  
though he might possibly survive three days.—  
We moved the others into different rooms, and  
got him on to the bed where he was. Then we  
cleared all the people out of the rooms except  
the landlord, surgeon and myself."

"When we were left alone with him, we asked  
if he would have any of his folks sent for, but  
he was tired of hearing me talk to-night and  
I'll tell you what took place in the dying man's  
room some other time."

"O, no! I wanted to hear it now?"

"Well! I shan't tell you any more to-night  
for I'm tired myself."

"But what became of Dan and Bill?"

"They were tried and sent to State Prison."

"This was all I could get out of him, for he  
arose, took a drink from the cider-pitcher, and  
then, with a light in his hand, remarked:

"'Now, young man, if you please, I will show  
you up to bed.'"

A Sad Honeymoon.

Charles Albaugh was recently tried, convicted  
and sentenced, in Cleveland, Ohio, for robbing  
the mail. The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette says:  
"Charles Albaugh is only 20 years of age, and  
the events of the past few months will fill an  
important chapter in his life's history. On last  
Christmas day he eloped with his landlord's  
daughter, a Miss German, in her sixteenth year,  
went to Alexandria, Pa., and was married. An  
effort was made to keep the affair secret, but it  
was discovered by the girl's parents, who were  
highly incensed at their daughter's imprudence.  
On the 28th of January, Mr. Prentiss, the United  
States Mail Agent, arrested Albaugh upon a  
charge of robbing the mail. He was taken  
to Cleveland, tried, convicted, and sentenced be-  
fore the United States Court, and upon reaching  
Cardington, on his way to the Penitentiary, the  
young wife came aboard the cars to bid farewell  
to her convict husband. The meeting was a  
painfully affecting one. She begged him to keep  
up his spirits, to make a firm resolve to do his  
whole duty while in prison. She vowed to stick  
to him though all the rest of the world would  
forsake him; 'for,' said she, 'Charles, we are  
both young; we have years of happiness in store  
for us; and when your time has expired, we can  
go to some other land, where the offence will  
not be known, where we can live happily to-

gether, and earn an honest livelihood.' The  
poor girl nerved herself to the task, and as she  
wiped the tears away from the cheeks of her  
young husband, she never whimpered. The car  
was full of passengers, who witnessed the scene  
with tearful emotion. The conductor, who, at  
the request of the officers, had kindly delayed a  
few moments, to give the young couple an op-  
portunity of meeting each other, at last notified  
them that he could delay no longer, and the  
whistle gave notice that the cars were about  
starting. 'Keep up your courage like a man,  
Charles,' said the fair heroine, and as she kissed  
his cheek she turned to leave him; but, over-  
powered by her feelings, that she had thus far  
kept under control, she fell fainting in the arms  
of the bystanders who carried her very gently  
into the station-house, and the cars rolled over  
the rails with increased speed, to make up for  
the detention."

Punishing a Desperado.

SCENE ON THE MEXICAN FRONTIER.

After the triumph of the American arms on  
the field of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma,  
the victorious force hurried across the river Rio  
Grande, and occupied the Mexican town of Ma-  
tamoras. But, unfortunately, these were not  
the only invaders, for, marching with the valiant  
soldiers, or following rapidly in their rear, came  
another host, of small merchants, of desperadoes,  
of gamblers, and every variety of reckless  
adventurers, including swarms of assassins and  
thieves.

Among the numerous gamblers, were three  
brothers by the name of Allen. Their art and  
dexterity, backed in each emergency by the  
bowie-knife and revolver, soon rendered them  
notorious and promised, in a brief period, to  
break every bank in the vicinity."

At that time there was a brilliant saloon kept  
open, for public amusement and private profit,  
by one Fernando Rosa, a wealthy but avaricious  
Spaniard. The dealer at the monte-table was  
his daughter, Maria, a young girl possessed of  
that beauty which so often distinguishes the fe-  
males of her nation, and notwithstanding her  
unfavorable and doubtful situation as a principal  
in the genteel gambling-house, she bore a fair  
fame for virtue as well as for intelligence. She  
detested the position, and filled it only from the  
compulsion of parental authority, and presided  
over the cards in all the evolutions of fickle for-  
tune with the utmost honesty of conduct. As  
might be logically inferred, such various and  
evident attractions combined to render the es-  
tablishment a place of general resort for the  
élite of the army and all the most accomplished  
connoisseurs of chance; and to insure the ex-  
clusion of the plebeian class, the rule had been  
fixed that the lowest bet on the board must  
amount to a hundred dollars.

It was in the month of May, when the three  
brothers, Allen, having swept the counters of  
all the inferior banks of Matamoras, with their  
pockets full of gold and heavy sums of paper,  
entered the saloon of Fernando Rosa, deter-  
mined to close it by fair or foul means. The  
apartment was crowded with lieutenants, and  
others, who had lost large sums of money that  
night."

With that rude elbowing impetuosity which,  
more than anything else, marks the soul of the  
thoroughbred ruffian, the brothers made their  
way to the monte-table. Nearly everybody fell  
back from the board to a safe distance, and left  
the contest alone to the three fraternal gamblers.  
Even the dealer turned pale at their appear-  
ance, and the girl's fingers quivered as she now  
shuffled the painted cards."

There was a stranger who maintained his  
stand, without as much glancing at the intru-  
ders, and continued to play. He was a tall, but  
rather slender-shaped man, some fifty years of  
age. His dress was plain black, and displayed  
a strong contrast with the gay colors, rich ruf-  
fles, and barbaric ornaments of the Allens.  
The latter at the outset, staked a thousand  
dollars each on the queen of hearts, and lost,  
while the stranger, having deposited a like sum  
on the ace of spades, proved to be the winner.  
"That trick was foul swindling!" exclaimed  
the eldest. At the same time the two other  
brothers used insulting language."

The gaze of the spectators was turned to the  
stranger, whose eyes flashed angrily as he de-  
manded in a tranquil but distinct voice, though  
little louder than a whisper:

"Gentlemen, do you intend to accuse the lady  
of unfair dealing, or me of profiting by her par-  
tiality?"

"Who are you, that bandy words with us, the  
boys of Arkansas?" said one of the Allens.

"My name is Thomas Jefferson Dugan," an-  
swered the other. "I am from the State of Vir-  
ginia, the proverbial vivacity of whose sons is  
never falsified by any act of mine."

"Do you mean this to be a threat?" cried one  
of the brothers.

"You may receive it as such, if you feel so dis-  
posed," replied Dugan, without betraying any  
emotion. "I intend to convey the idea that when I  
am insulted, or my rights are outraged, I am  
ready to demand, or exact that satisfaction  
claimed by gentlemen throughout the world."

"All three, if necessary!" was the cool re-  
sponse.

"Wait till we break this chest of a bank, and  
you shall be accommodated to your heart's con-

tent!" said the eldest Allen, with a frown.

Again the young girl, with quivering fingers,  
threw down the four leading cards; again the  
brothers risked their money, and this time on  
the king of clubs. But the luck still ran against  
them, and they lost, while the stranger won his  
bet of fifteen hundred dollars on the queen of  
diamonds."

"The shoe rogue has played us false, and we  
will take the table!" vociferated the brothers,  
springing to their feet and drawing their bowie-  
knives to execute their menace by the force of  
arms."

But quicker than their motion was the action  
of Dugan; for, stepping backward, he covered  
the heads of the two boldest desperadoes with a  
pistol in each hand, and shouted:

"Villains! stir a muscle if you dare!"

At this moment the bystanders interposed, and  
an arrangement was effected for an interview of  
honour between Dugan and the eldest brother.  
The parties, attended by a swarm of excited  
spectators, met in the morning on the bank of  
the Rio Grande, opposite the site where the city  
of Brownsville now stands, and were placed in  
position by their respective seconds."

Allen, firing before the word was given, missed.  
Dugan then exclaimed:

"Assassin and swindler! I will not kill you,  
for you are not fit to die; but I will cripple your  
elbow for life!" and his bullet shattered the oth-  
er's arm at the precise point indicated. The re-  
maining Allens shrunk from a similar earnestly  
proffered ordeal."

Since then the victor has been a resident of  
the Rio Grande, and has engaged in a dozen  
other encounters, but always with the same  
wonderful heroism and forbearance."

Atlantic Fire Items.

NEW YORK.

A Revival appears to be going on among the  
New York Firemen. A sermon was preached at the  
Academy of Music, on Sunday evening, March 28.  
Fifteen hundred firemen were in waiting when the  
door was opened. The house was crowded in every  
part."

The officers of the Fireman's Fund Insurance have  
sent circulars to every fire company in the city, in-  
viting their co-operation in the Insurance Company.  
Nearly one half of the stock has been taken by  
firemen in small quantities from one to ten shares  
each."

Chief Engineer Howard has lately recovered  
from his recent paralysis. At a late fire in Pearl  
street he made his appearance in full fire rig."

Of the "Carson Testimonial," the *Leader* speaks  
thus: "We have expected to have had the pleas-  
ure of announcing to our readers that the 'Halo-  
wed Donation' that Branch so feelingly described  
had been paid, but our expectations have not been  
realized. We shall lay the matter over for one  
week and then show a different face of the whole  
affair, in which Uncle Alfred will not figure as finely  
as some of his ardent admirers would wish."

A bill to exempt the firemen of New York from  
taxation to the amount of \$1,000, has been passed  
in the Assembly."

The charter of the New York Fire Department  
extended twenty-two years—to 1880."

Assistant Engineer Noah L. Farnham has resign-  
ed, and Engineer Bantich has retired from the Board  
on account of a severe accident."

The *Mercury* says: "We were shown, the other  
day, one of the most unique monuments for a fire-  
man's grave that we have ever yet seen. It is in  
the form of a hydrant, of the pattern in cast iron  
now so extensively used, being about the usual size  
in height and circumference, and with the fluted  
couplings and oval bands all complete. Upon the  
top is a sixteen comb fire cap, elaborately chiseled  
from pure white marble, with the front attached,  
whereon may be inscribed the name and age of the  
deceased."

James Bogardus has sued the city for an infringe-  
ment of his patent right in erection of iron fire  
of bell tower at Mount Morris. He claims \$20,000  
damages."

Our old friend, "National Guard," the New York  
Correspondent of the *Baltimore Dispatch*, gives the  
following fire items:

"The disbanding of Engines 44 and 16 has  
created an intense excitement in the fire depart-  
ment. The former company have secured the ser-  
vices of James T. Brady to defend their cause;  
both these companies were among the best in the  
city, and the 'old fog' spirit of the commission-  
ers has been badly exercised towards them. Chief  
Howard is getting along right well. He walks  
now without the aid of his cane. I saw him walk-  
ing at rather a lively gait on Sunday last, up Broad-  
way from Leonard street to the gymnasium in  
Crosby street, where he takes daily exercise. He  
attracts more attention on the street than any  
other man; every one nearly stops and looks at  
him, and from the remarks that are dropped, you  
would imagine that Harry's health is the solicitude  
of every one. Many rush up to him and con-  
gratulate him on his improved appearance. He is very  
popular and deservedly so. The fire warden elec-  
tion took place on Tuesday evening, April 12;  
nearly if not quite all the representatives were  
present. Balloting commenced at 7 1/2 o'clock  
and continued with much excitement and lobby-  
ing until 12 o'clock, before the following result was  
obtained: Sanderson, 22 votes; Weeks, 11 En-  
gine; Enoch Smith, 14 Engine, and Clements, 20  
Engine. The board of alderman have







Chief Engineer


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